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No. 116 Vol. III.

CITY

ONE PENNY
Feb. 1, 1878.

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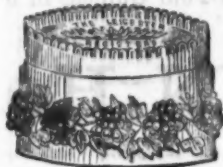
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

FEBRUARY 1, 1884

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 116.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is one of those men who are proverbially said to be more fortunate in being born lucky than in succeeding to large possessions. He was not born rich, as wealth is counted now-a-days; but that he was born under an exceptionally lucky star his whole career proves. Just now his name is brought before the public with especial prominence. In one sense he may be said to be the most important member of the Cabinet, for it is very certain that, whatever effect the secession of Lord Derby or the Marquis of Salisbury, or even of the Premier himself, might have upon the fate of the Ministry, there cannot be a doubt that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had followed the example of Lord Carnarvon an immediate dissolution would have been unavoidable, if only for the reason that there is no one else on the Tory side whom it would be possible to trust with the leadership of the House of Commons. And yet with all this importance, and notwithstanding the position he occupies, Sir Stafford is essentially a commonplace, mediocre kind of man—one of those people who simply make themselves valuable because they are always so particularly careful to avoid committing themselves if they can possibly help it. And here let me say—although I do not want to boast of my distinguished acquaintances—that I speak with no slight knowledge, personal and political, of the subject of this article, as probably if he knew the writer he would admit. That, however, is only by way of proving—or trying to prove—the authenticity of my remarks, and may be allowed to pass. As I was saying, Sir Stafford is really, notwithstanding the circumstances which have raised him to fame, a very ordinary kind of man. I would engage to go into any large warehouse in Manchester and pick out a man, two or three men, who would make better administrators, better financiers, and better leaders than he does. It is not simply because he has no talent, it is also because he has very little honesty that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a weak man. No doubt it seems a strong thing to accuse a man of want of honesty, but, to make a distinction in which some may see no difference, I may explain that I do not mean to accuse him of actual dishonesty. In these times we have got into a habit of calling the same things by very different names under different circumstances. As an illustration: if any man in a court of justice had spoken as Lord Beaconsfield did the other day when in the face of the plainest evidence he denied that there had been any want of unity in the Cabinet, the probability is that the judge would have ordered that man's committal on a charge of perjury. Lord Beaconsfield was not upon a formal oath when he spoke, but no honourable man would, under such circumstances, have considered himself absolved from telling the truth, and yet even the plainest speakers do not like to say that the Premier told a deliberate lie. We call it his fancy, or his imagination, and sometimes his diplomatic caution, while every man knows he was simply telling a falsehood.

Sir Stafford Northcote in this respect is a worthy pupil of Lord Beaconsfield. Possibly the latter might not be untruthful in private life, and Sir Stafford certainly is the very reverse; but in political matters both appear to think that their end thoroughly justifies their means. When I accuse the Chancellor of the Exchequer of want of honesty, I simply mean that in matters political he is practically devoid of any fixed principle, or, indeed, of any principle whatever. He is, though the term may seem a harsh one, a mere time-server and trimmer; and, in truth, his own friends as well as his opponents seem to have a suspicion of this, for it is a remarkable fact that few people take the trouble to inquire what he, an important member of the Government as he is, privately thinks about the war and the policy of the Cabinet. The momentous speeches he has made lately have been eagerly listened to, not because, as in the case of Lord Beaconsfield or Lord Derby, or the Marquis of Salisbury, anyone thinks

he is expressing his own opinions, but simply because he is looked upon as the mechanical mouthpiece of the Government in the House of Commons, and we know perfectly well, that whatever he says, he says not because he thinks or believes it, but because he is told to say it. He is trusted just as we trust a good clock which we know will tell the time correctly if it is properly wound up, but we never expect either him or the clock to go unless they are wound up. Probably it is because no one ever entertained any great hopes of him that no one is disappointed at his failure, especially as it is apparent that that failure is only partially his own fault. One may always be sure that he will not fail in anything he attempts, if left to himself, because for one reason he never attempts anything in which any man of ordinary common sense and business capacity would not be almost certain to succeed. That he is a failure seems to me very evident. If anyone thinks that his constant "beggarly account of empty boxes" shows that he possesses any ability as a financier, they are welcome to the opinion, which, indeed, is perhaps to some extent justifiable by the fact that it would be impossible for any mortal chancellor to keep the spending propensities of a Tory Government within bounds, though this does not alone account for the remarkably prosaic and shop-keeping kind of budgets to which we have got accustomed during the last two or three years. Again, if any person thinks that Sir Stafford Northcote is a success in his capacity of leader of the House, he is fairly entitled to have and to hold his belief; but I fancy that not a few amongst his own friends would admit that no weaker hand has held the reins of the House of Commons for many years past. The fact is that Sir Stafford's cardinal idea is to keep in office, successfully if he can, but anyhow to keep in; and, whatever his private convictions might be, he would no more dream of acting as Lord Carnarvon has done, and thus endangering his own official existence, than he would of trying to jump over the moon. He only wants to be as neutral as possible, and to be let alone; and if anyone were to suggest to him to take a bold and independent course, he would probably, after a very long stare, act as the Archbishop of Grenada did to Gil Blas, and show his adviser the door, wishing him at the same time "*beaucoup de bonheur et un peu plus de bon sens*"—a great deal of happiness and a little more common sense. Of course, a man with a temperament like this is an eminently "safe man." He, at any rate, will never trouble his colleagues by any scruples or doubts; and they may be absolutely certain that, even if he does entertain scruples or doubts, he will never be guilty of the impolicy of expressing them in public.

Still, it would be unjust to deny that Sir Stafford Northcote is a popular man with his own party, and to a certain extent with his opponents, and the chief reasons for his popularity are, first, that he is personally an amiable man; secondly, that nobody has the slightest reason to be afraid of him; and thirdly, that, as I have before said, he is wonderfully lucky, and never gets into a scrape. Down in his own county of Devonshire he is almost adored amongst the Tories, and very respectfully treated by the Liberals, though that courageous—if somewhat coarse—organ, the *Western Times*, does give him a very hard knock occasionally. If, when a tourist was looking down from the heights a little distance from Pinhoe into the beautiful valley of the Exe, he were to ask a peasant the name of the owner of a large red brick house, standing in well-wooded grounds, and forming a very conspicuous object on the landscape, this peasant would probably stare and whistle at you for five minutes in amazement at your ignorance of the fact that the greatest man in the world, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, lived there when he was not in "Lunnon." Round about there his name is a household word, and his utterances are regarded as those of an oracle which cannot err—one reason, by the way, for the popularity of the *Exeter Gazette*, which enjoys the advantage of having frequent "tips," especially on local affairs, from the right honourable gentleman himself, and also a reason why the

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(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

Tories regard with such deadly hatred the facetious hatter, Mr. Thomas, who rarely misses an opportunity—misguided and irreverent man that he is—of girding in his witty verses and speeches even at the august Chancellor himself. It is, after all, a very good trait in their character is the intense clannishness of the Devonshire people, and even if they do fall down and worship such commonplace gods as Sir Stafford Northcote, the Earl of Devon, and Sir Lawrence Palk, one can hardly blame them, seeing that they have nothing better to worship, for the fair county is not so prolific of great men as it was in times past, and at any rate it does not often produce a Cabinet Minister or a Civil Lord of the Admiralty—whatever that may be—as it has lately done in the persons of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir Massey Lopes. Taking him all round, Sir Stafford Northcote's character may be defined with some accuracy in the expression that he never does a foolish thing, and is much too cautious and timid even to do a really wise one.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

HAVING given full instructions in the art of making poetry, I have devoted my attention to devising a method of utilising the skill acquired, and I hasten to lay before my pupils some of the results. I have long been of opinion that poetry, as poetry, does not pay. It is a drug in the market—that is, in the ordinary market. Properly applied, however, and carried to the right emporium, it may be made to pay handsomely, as I will proceed to show. Everybody will admit that poetry is more readable than prose. Very well. What are advertisements written in? Prose—of very good quality, perhaps, but still prose. I would not, however, degrade poetry by the contamination of hats, hairbrushes, dentistry, cheap dinners, and so on. I advise a sublimer flight than that; and for giving scope for exhibition of the purest poetry I would take the countless ailments of humanity, and the simple remedies by which they are alleviated, for my theme. When I read of the marvellous cures which are daily and hourly performed by various medicines, which the wise call patent and the scoffers “quack,” I feel that the poet here has a noble field before him, besides the chance of making a good deal of money. What amount of wealth, for instance, would not the proprietor of the “patent incombustible sarcophagus food” pay for a testimonial done in some such fashion as the following:—

Cure No. 976325, of nineteen years' horrible sufferings, caused by indigestion, nervousness, total prostration and inability to sit, lie, stand, eat, drink, sleep, with a constant swelling all over, accompanied by pimples, boils, flatulency, headache, nausea, and such other symptoms as it would be impossible to enumerate.

Oh, how shall I begin
My sufferings to describe?
I'm bound to do so in
The interest of my tribe.

On the brink of the grave I stood,
And I thought of the medical men
(That was before I took your Food—
For I walked in darkness then).

Now, when I say I walked,
I use a figure of speech;
To a dozen of doctors quite I talked,
My case was a puzzle to each.

I say I could neither stand,
Sit, lie, kick, crawl, nor move,
The whole profession had took in hand
In vain my woes to remove.

To a shadow I was reduced,
To a skeleton rather—Zounds!
You'll scarcely credit it, that I used
To weigh but a score of pounds!

'Twas a blessed day for me
When I heard of your famous stuff,
Pray do not imagine my aim to be
To give it an empty puff.
Let facts speak for themselves,
And gratitude not be dumb,
I might have been dosed from the doctors' shelves
From now to Kingdom Come!

Three score (consecutive) (soup) plates filled
With the delicate food you vend,
Did more than the whole Profession skilled,
And the Wretch began to mend.

The Wretch that I mention's Me,
For I once deserved that name,
How proud of that food you ought to be!
Oh, joy! that I took the same!

Each day I increased in heft;
From a being of skin and bone—
Of every pleasure in life bereft—
I grew to about twelve stone.
I've a capital appetite now; and more,
My spirits are light and gay;
I sleep in the night—you should hear me snore—
For I swallow your Food by day.

I feel that for years I yet may live—
All thanks to your precious food;
You may print the particulars which I give,
If you think it'll do you good.
So now with the best of thanks,
I respectfully beg to remain,
John Theophilus (Reverend) Hanks,
North Hengebury, Salisbury Plain.

Some critical reader may object to the above verses, that they halt here and there, and that they occasionally err in the matter of feet—here and there a verse being longer than it should be—but there is a depth and method in this. I intended to convey by this subtlety the idea that the patient has not recovered his full faculties either of mind or—

Note by the Editor.—These subtleties are beyond our comprehension, as they will be beyond that of the reader. Our contributor sends a lot more in a similar strain, which cannot be inserted.

CHATTERING CHARLEY.

ANY persons can, as prudence dictates, keep their opinions to themselves, at times. Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P., is not one of this number. Most people think before they speak. Mr. Charley has improved upon that sensible system. The hon. member for Salford has a fatal facility for putting his foot in it. Last Friday night, when everybody else was praying for the preservation of peace, and when Lord Carnarvon, one of themselves, was pitching into the Government in the House of Lords, Chattering Charley was holding forth, in his usual bollicose and bumptious style, before the gallant volunteers of Salford. He did not think that the asking for the war vote necessarily involved war with Russia. He, for one, should deeply deplore this great nation being involved in the war between Russia and Turkey; but it was necessary that we should be prepared for contingencies. All that was asked for at the present crisis was this—that we should be prepared for those contingencies if they arose. Far be it from him to say a word in extenuation of the Bulgarian atrocities. They sent a thrill of horror through the English people; but it must be remembered that the sending the Bashi-Bazouks to quell the Bulgarian insurrection was largely owing to the advice of General Ignatieff. He thought sufficient blood had been shed; that those who wished the offences of the Turks should be atoned for in blood had had enough of blood; and that there should be a cessation of the flow of blood in this disastrous war. Whatever might be their views in regard to the Turks, he was sure that every volunteer would join in the expression of feeling on the part of the Grand Consul of Constantinople—death before dishonour. We were all desirous of protecting the great British Empire to which we belonged, and on which the sun never sets. We must recollect that the British Empire was held together, not merely by the beneficence of our rule, but also by the force of our name; and if ever should be that any other nation was superior to us, he feared that the sun of England would soon set. Only a few days before, he spoke strongly in favour of armed intervention. The truth is, Mr. Charley is prepared for anything. His tongue—there can be no doubt about it—is an extremely unruly member. It may be said of him as it was once said of an inveterate rhymster who fancied himself a poet:—

Balaam's ass a wonder was,
And ye are little better;
It spoke but once, it spoke good sense,
But ye're an eternal clatter.

Pity the poor people who sit at the feet of such a man! His words are as wild as his thoughts are unwise. Do what you like with him, regard him as charitably as you can, he must always be set down, we fear, as Chattering Charley.

THOSE MANCHESTER MEN!

[A NOVEL: BY MRS. LINNET SPANES.]

CHAPTER I.

THE darkness had fallen on the streets of Manchester, and lay there without having apparently sustained any injury. The newsboys had abandoned the idea of selling any more second editions, and had gone home to get what an Irish gentleman named Paddy is said by tradition to have given that useful musical instrument the drum, because they had not sold more copies. The baked-tater man still sat over his portable oven, but, despairing of any more purchasers, was engaged in that most ruinous of transactions for a tradesman,—eating his own stock. He did not know what an example existed for him, or he would have given his goods away, and so made a fine living and the reputation of a philanthropist into the bargain. The last Brook's Bar 'bus had crawled away, and a solemn stillness reigned at the bottom of Market Street, broken occasionally by the vigorous swearing of those who came up at intervals just in time to be too late for the vehicle mentioned. One by one these also went to happy homes, jerry built, at seven-and-six a week, in the suburbs, and Market Street gave itself up for the night to a well-earned repose.

But stay! What is this that emerges from the obscurity of Pall Mall, and meanders slowly up the right side of the street, looking now to this side, and now to that, with wistful glances, as if seeking to discover some unknown locality, or as if trying to avoid the bull's-eye lantern of the police. It is a man, and—his *alias* is Jeremiah Jones.

Proceeding up Market Street slowly and not turning into any of the side thoroughfares, it is not surprising that he at last arrived at the top. On getting there he immediately commenced to reconnoitre the Royal Hotel, and sigh after sigh burst from his manly breast as he saw that not a light was visible in any of the windows.

"Too late, too late," he cried; "I cannot enter now." This philosophical remark, it will be remembered, was used by the five foolish virgins, but I am bound to say that the resemblance between them and Jeremiah Jones ends there.

"Too late, too late," repeated he; "just like my cursed fate"—thus cleverly mingling rhyme with reason.

But Jones was not a man to be baffled by the decree of a spiteful fate.

"Bruce, Bruce," said he, laughing with the bitter smile of a hyena, "the day of reckoning will come. When it does I shall be there. I must have a drink; I will have a drink; I have got a thirst on me that a lord might envy, and it shall be assuaged. But they will not open. What's to be done?"

At this moment his pea-green eagle eyes rested on the Infirmary, and with a convulsive start he bounded several feet, in the air.

"The very thing," said he. "Does not rumour say that the amount of liquor in that place is something enormous? The place is closed, but I will get in."

So saying, he cleared the space between the Infirmary portico and the Royal Hotel in a hop, step, and jump. In an instant he had scrambled up one of the pillars, and reached the roof. In another instant he had run along the gutter, opened one of the skylights, reached the room below, jumped down the shaft which reaches from the bottom to the top of the building, bounded out into the corridor, cleared the flight of stairs which leads to the cellar, entered the vault, seized a small keg from a shelf, and ensconced himself behind a wine butt in the corner.

CHAPTER II.

But Jeremiah's soul was doomed to vexation that night. Scarcely had he taken a couple of quarts from the keg when the cellar door opened, and a man entered bearing a lantern and a spade. He was followed by two other men bearing lanterns and spades. This was annoying to the man in the corner. When a gentleman has got hold of a keg which only contains enough for one he likes to be let alone. But it was more than annoying, for in the three men he recognised his mortal enemies, Macurel, Reedy, and Lirbey. What were they doing there at this time of night? What dark tragedy was to be enacted in this gloomy place? Were they going to blow up the Infirmary, or were they going to pull it down?

Jones asked himself all these questions, but getting no answer, he took another sup and waited.

CHAPTER III.

The three men advanced cautiously into the cellar, placed their lanterns on the floor, and seated themselves round the light. Macurel, having a

delicate constitution, provided himself with a couple of gallons of beer to begin with, but Lirbey and Reedy appeared too much weighed down in mind to care much for the necessities of the body. For five minutes there was dead silence, during which Macurel emptied the beer pot and filled himself another.

However, it was clear that if each waited for the other to speak, nobody would ever say anything, and this historical work would not have been written.

At length Reedy broke silence. "The thing must be done to-night," he said.

"I suppose so," said Lirbey, hesitating; "I should have liked some other way; but there's none. Is everything ready?"

"Everything," replied Macurel; "the cart is waiting in the back yard."

"But the people in the place," said Lirbey; "what about them, Reedy?"

"Oh, they are all square; I've managed them. They've had ten pints to-day instead of five, and are all sound. They'll know nothing of it."

"Where shall we put it?" said Macurel.

"In the ground in front of Owens College is the best place. The people about there will like the smell, if there's any."

"We must take care not to get found out," resumed Lirbey after a few minutes' silence.

"Who's to know anything about it till it's done? There's no danger of discovery I tell you," said Macurel.

"Not much," said Reedy, "unless that Jones should get on the trail. I should like to dissect him. He's spoilt one or two of our little games already."

The man in the corner squirmed like a speared eel, and took another.

"Yes," said Macurel, giving the floor a vicious dig with his spade, "I wish that was his head."

"Ah," said all three in chorus, "if we only had him here!"

"Let's begin here then," said Seedy, "for there's no time to lose;" and so saying he stuck his pickaxe into a part of the wall.

In an instant the whole thing flashed on the man in the corner. Macurel, Lirbey, and Reedy were going to remove the Infirmary, as they had so often threatened. They were going to take it bodily away in the cart that was waiting in the yard, and put it in front of Owens College.

The discovery was too much for his nerves. He was going to take another when he let the keg fall.

"What's that?" shouted the three conspirators, and they rushed towards the place whence the noise proceeded.

The man was soon dragged out and the three lanterns turned on him.

"Jones!" squeaked Lirbey.

"Jones!!" growled Reedy.

"Jones!!!" bawled Macurel.

"Villain!!!!" screeched they all.

In an instant they had decided. Macurel held him tight. Lirbey and Reedy began to dig his grave.

The unfortunate Jones made no attempt at resistance. He only begged that the Rector of Orpstock might be sent for to give him absolution, but the request was denied.

In a few minutes a hole, six feet deep, had been made, and Jones was bundled in alive, whisky being poured on him to keep him fresh till Reedy should have time to dissect him.

But all this had taken so much time that it was too late that night to remove the Infirmary, so the three conspirators put off the job till the next day.

[To be continued.]

TO MY BABY.

REMEMBERING still its ante-natal state,
And loth to leave its splendid heritage,
Thy soul was discontent, because its fate
Ordn'd on earth a weary pilgrimage.
Thou could'st not know the boundless wealth of love
With which thy infant life has been endowed!
Thou could'st not feel, my tender little dove,
How of thy sweet possession we were proud!
So, like a bird who wings him to the skies,
If chance should e'er his prison-gate unbar,
Thou, seeing Death's door open, did'st arise
To hie thee through; but, viewing thee afar,
Death closed the door—aghast at such a sin!
And though you knocked, he dared not let you in!

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.

W. A. HOSWORTH has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, so far as possible, completely remove, the inconvenience which arise from defective sight.—12, VICTORIA STREET.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* nearly every week. The following have already appeared:—

BROKEN DOWN.—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.
 HEAVY HEARTS.—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.
 THE BOLTED DOON.—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.
 CLARA BROWN.—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.
 BOUND HAND AND FOOT.—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.
 MRS. ALGWOOD'S SECRET.—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.
 WON BY A NECK.—In No. 106, Nov. 23, 1877.
 THE RIGHT WINS.—In No. 109, Dec. 14, 1877.
 AT LAST.—In No. 110, Dec. 21, 1877.
 RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!—In No. 111, Dec. 28, 1877.
 STAGGERING HOME.—In No. 112, Jan. 4, 1878.
 TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD.—In No. 114, Jan. 18, 1878.
 HARD-UP.—In No. 115, Jan. 25, 1878.

Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 1d. each.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Tories are at their old tricks—trying to increase our taxes.

That it is a wonder they have not done so sooner.

That when they ask for the £6,000,000 they wish they may get it, but don't expect to.

That they promise not to use it if it is not wanted.

That if they once finger the coin we shall see how much Tory promises are worth.

That it is not likely they will get it to finger.

That Beaconsfield says the Cabinet have always been unanimous.

That if he says so everybody will believe him—that is, everybody who is so stupid as to be a Tory.

That the Liberals can put two and two together, though they cannot reconcile unanimity with two resignations.

That it takes a Conservative to do that.

That the *Standard* "fears" Mr. Gladstone's statements now are without weight.

That, in spite of this, both the *Standard* and the remainder of the Tories would be much relieved if he would only keep quiet.

That the public have changed the name of the *Diurnal Telegraph* to that of the *Penny Liar*.

That if one is to name it according to its statements it will have a very appropriate designation.

That trade will never be better till Beaconsfield's power of tricking us is ended.

That we may be in the thick of a general election any day.

That St. Valentine's Day is already in sight.

That we hope our lady friends will show us some small mercy, and not send such a shower upon us as they did last year.

LORD CARNARVON.

THOUGH Tories rage and Royalty may frown,
 And *Pall Mall* wax indignant,
 Though venal hirelings write you down
 And foam with hate malignant,
 Yet we thank Heaven that in this time
 One Minister is honest;
 And rather than commit a crime
 Becomes in Council *non est*.

BEACONSFIELD'S BUNKUM, BOMBAST, AND BALDERDASH.

NO prominent English statesman ever made such an ass of himself or such a fool of the country as the Earl of Beaconsfield has done during the last twelve months. To daub her gracious Majesty the Queen as Empress of India was bad enough in all conscience; to raise Dizzy to the peerage was such a supreme and ludicrous act of folly that the miserable mess might have been expected to end there. But no. A new "imperial order of distinction" must be created for ladies, and the Emperor of Russia must be bullied almost to desperation. Be it noted that during the whole of the last weary weeks and months—so pregnant with dangers—not one of the responsible Ministers of Russia has whispered a single insulting or irritating syllable to this country. Our Prime Minister, on the contrary, has never missed an opportunity of saying something to vex Russia, to wound her pride, and to tempt her to give us a right good slap in the face. This, indeed, has been Beaconsfield's little game all through. He himself explained that the imperial title was conferred on the Queen in order to terrify Russia. Though not saying so, no doubt he himself was called to the House of Lords for the same end. Again and again has he said such nasty things of Russia that England and she would have been at war long ere now but for her forbearance, or but for her knowing that this new-fledged Earl was not England. We know no living public man who has been guilty of so many arrant follies as this same Beaconsfield. History tells us of no man who would have worked more mischief and misery in the world if he had only been allowed. What with his bunkum, his bombast, and his balderdash, the sooner we get rid of him the better. He has led us a nice dance during the last few days. On Thursday, last week, it looked as though he was going to succeed, at last, in dragging us into a horrible and terrible war. The Fleet was ordered to Constantinople, and notice given of a war vote in the House of Commons. We all knew what that meant. Throughout the whole of Friday the country was in such a state of flutter that we have no wish to see a repetition of it in a hurry. Wherever men met the action of the Government was condemned; and much was said and threatened which it might not be wise to repeat. It turned out at length that the Ministers themselves were at sixes-and-sevens. Some members of the Cabinet—thank God!—dared to withstand the machinations of their chief. The instructions to the Fleet were, therefore, cancelled. In the House of Lords, on Friday night, the Earl of Carnarvon plainly told the country that he had no faith in Beaconsfield—none of the best Tories have—and that he had consequently withdrawn from the Cabinet. The noble Earl of Beaconsfield replied; and such a reply!—being characterised, as it was, by all his accustomed bunkum, bombast, and balderdash. He had even the impudence to inform Lord Carnarvon that he had resigned without any "sufficient reason!" From beginning to end, in sooth, his speech was as sorry an affair as man ever uttered.

TO SMOKERS: (Mounted Briars, Moerschhaus's, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.) WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

A STUDENT'S STORY.

[DEDICATED TO DR. ALEXANDER THOMSON.]

AT — College, which is situated amidst the pleasantest of scenery, not more than an hour's brisk walk from the centre of Cottonopolis, the rules for the regulation of the students' conduct were very strict, for it was a religious institution, and its inmates were there for the purpose of being trained for the ministry. To a superficial thinker it might appear at first blush, if not permanently, that the habits of those whose inclinations, or aspirations, had induced them to become candidates for so sacred a calling would have been distinguished by such irreproachable propriety and decorum as to render the framing, much more the enforcement, of any very rigid regulations a matter of the supremest supererogation. Such might be, and probably was, the case as regards the great majority of the students who were inmates of the institution at the time of which I write; but to proceed on such lax lines as a matter of principle would be none the less a most fatal fallacy. Certain frailties and failings which flesh is heir to, and which are usually supposed to be briefly summed up in the generic term "Old Adam," afflict not merely those who make no religious professions, and are consequently regarded, justly or unjustly, as open and undisguised travellers along that "broad road" which leads to so disastrous a goal, but are also experienced in full force by those who are credited with having obtained a certain degree of mastery over the evil inclinations and desires of our fallen nature, and who are clothed in a tolerably strong, though incipient, panoply of Christian virtue. If evidence of the truth of this assertion were required it might be adduced *ad infinitum*, but, for brevity's sake, I will only refer to the sore trials and temptations by which Christian was assailed ere he made his victorious appearance amongst the silvery streams and delectable mountains which adorned and beautified the land of Beulah.

As a general principle, therefore, it is wise to enforce strict regulations in such an institution as that of which I speak—which mere assertion I shall endeavour to convincingly supplement by the facts which will form a sequel to these prefatory remarks, and which are well known to a select few whose relations with the ministers of a certain persuasion are of an intimate and confidential nature.

Amongst the students were two who had cemented a companionship of a Jonathan-and-David-like closeness, and who, for the sake of both secrecy and convenience, I will speak of, per John Bunyan's leave, as Mr. Hold-the-world and Mr. Facing-both-ways. Although these two white-tied heroes had professedly set their faces Zionwards, and were zealous students of that classic Greek and Hebrew learning which is essential to those who are destined to become expounders of that Word which is the basis of the Christian system of theology, they nevertheless often cast lingering looks backward, toward the Cities of the Plain, and, forgetting the process of saline petrification undergone by Lot's wife, longed for just the "leastest drop" of that so-called guilty pleasure which is regarded as the special and exclusive prerogative of those who are known as men of the world.

"It appears to me, Brother Facing-both-ways," said his friend, "that we are somewhat too closely immured within these venerable walls, and that three years' severe study, unrelieved by a single drop of that pleasure of which our fellow-men so deeply drink, is almost more than mortal flesh can bear."

"Why, for the matter of that, Brother Hold-the-world, I must confess that I enjoy my present mode of life, which is far pleasanter and more befitting the dignity of man than that I used to lead behind the counter of my respected father's shop. Oh, it used to 'offend me to the very soul' to waste the energies of my young manhood in measuring out yards of tape, in rummaging amongst spools of thread for a No. 24 or 36, or in recommending to some fastidious old lady, as being superb and everlasting, a calico that I well knew was weighted with China clay, and would look like common duck canvas after the very first washing. Faugh! that man who, 'in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!'—that man, I say, should be tied down to such drivelling duties as these. How much pleasanter is my present refined and scholastic life! Then, again, how pleasant on Sundays, when dining out, as we frequently do, to sit opposite some fair creature whose cheeks put the very roses to shame, whose lips are rubies, whose eyes are stars! And forget not, Brother Hold-the-world, that such prizes are not unfrequently borne off by our brethren of the cloth. Methinks the very chance of such a thing is sufficient reward for our three years' seclusion and toil."

"Yes, yes, Brother Facing-both-ways, that is all very well for Romeos like yourself, upon whom Stepdame Nature, forgetting her usual avarice, conferred fine figures, handsome faces, and perfect sets of teeth; but for plain-faced, squat-figured persons like myself the picture presents itself in a different and less favourable light. We are drifting, however, somewhat from the strict line of our conversation, and becoming irrelevant. What I mean to say is, that it appears rather unreasonable to expect us to preach against the pomps and vanities of this world without allowing us to become acquainted with them, so that we might personally ascertain wherein the sin of such pomps and vanities lies. It is, in fact, the old Egyptian inconsistency of expecting the Israelites to make bricks without straw. Understandest thou me?"

"Perfectly, my friend, but how propose you to gain such knowledge?"

"In this way, Brother Facing-both-ways—but be thou as secret as the grave:—I perceive from the columns of those journals which form the sole mental pubulum of the carnal-minded, pleasure-seeking men who congregate in the great city close at hand, that one of the great Bard of Avon's plays, to wit, 'As you like it,' is about being performed by some renowned actors and actresses. Why start'st thou? Art'timid, or afraid?"

"Proceed, I pray you, Brother Hold-the-world, 'twas but a momentary qualm."

"I long, then, to witness the enactment of this drama, so that I may analyse the sins and follies therein contained, and thus be better equipped for the part I shall hereafter have to play as a Christian warrior. What say'st thou?"

"'Tis a bold thought, Brother Hold-the-world, and at first I stood confused. Your object, however, in compassing such a scheme appears to be a most worthy one, which robs the thing of half its terrors, so I will think the matter o'er and see you, an' you will, anon. Let us now to our books—you to your Neander, I to my Gesenius."

Time: Night. Place: Bedroom in Dormitory.

"Ha, Brother Hold-the-world, this is indeed a pleasure. I thought I heard a noise as of someone gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door. Be seated. It is pleasant, ere falling into the arms of Morpheus, to enjoy a little of what the vulgar world calls gossip, but what in our case is the communion of two kindred spirits."

"Truly it is, Brother Facing-both-ways, but I come on a matter of moment. How about my proposition of this morning?"

"I have thought much of it, Brother Hold-the-world, and should scarcely have deemed it either a wise or fitting thing to do were it not for the pious purpose you have at heart. But how can your plan be put safely into execution? The play will scarce be under weigh by nine o'clock, when the college doors are locked, and all retire to rest."

"It can be done in this wise, Brother Facing-both-ways: We must go separately—I one night and thou the next. I will go first, and take the first and greatest risk. When I return, to-morrow night, 'twill be well-nigh eleven. I will pass along the college grounds until I come beneath thy chamber-window, at which I will throw some small pebbles. Pass thou then noiselessly along the corridors, procure the keys, which hang upon their peg within the hall, and unlock the door, slowly and with all silence, so that I may enter. The thing is easy. Canst manage?"

"What if the Doctor should call at your chamber-door ere your return?"

"Well, he'll think I am asleep, o'erdone with study, and let his errand wait until morning."

"Good; my hand on't."

Time: Friday, 11-15 p.m. Place: College Grounds.

"He hears me, doubtless—I'll to the central door."

"Sh-sh-sh, Brother Hold-the-world, off with your boots—quiet."

"Ha, Brother Facing-both-ways, 'I'm with you once again,' as Tell said to his friends, the mountains, and the thing's been safely done. Oh, what a treat I've had. Is your chamber-door secured?"

"It is."

"I saw the gay mistress of the forest of Arden, donned in her shepherd's dress. Oh, she's a most winsome sight! I saw the desolate Orlando, too, and watched him spoil the trees by writing love-songs on their barks. Touchstone was there in well-appointed motley garb—motley's the only wear for fools!—and Jaques, too, of melancholy mien, bewailed the slaughtered deer, and told us how the 'world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' 'Twas grand—but thou shalt

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

see to-morrow night. Now to our slumbers. "Fare thee well; and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well!"

"Olive oil, Brother Hold-the-world; but I have sad misgivings anent my breach of rules to-morrow night. 'Tis a great temptation, though, and those who nothing venture, nothing win."

"All will go well, my noble Cassius. Once more, adieu!"

Time: Saturday, 11-25 p.m.

Hold-the-world, on arriving downstairs to admit Facing-both-ways, is appalled at the sight of Dr. —, the Principal, emerging from the parlour. The Doctor, having several times unsuccessfully sought admittance into Facing-both-ways' chamber, has come to the sorrowful conclusion that something is wrong. He cross-examines Hold-the-world severely, ascertains his purpose in coming downstairs, and forthwith orders him to reascend. Then, turning the parlour gas to its lowest ebb, he proceeded to open the door and admit Facing-both-ways. That hero, having become impatient, is at last overjoyed to hear the key at work, and, as soon as admitted, leaps on to his supposed friend's back, gives him several smart though affectionate tugs on his ears, and exclaims in a tone loud enough to be heard, "Gee up—we've done the old boy again." The Doctor clings to Facing-both-ways' legs, carries him nimbly into the parlour, where he sets him down and turns the gas on at full. Facing-both-ways appears likely for apoplexy at first, but afterwards seems inclined to faint. He is ordered by the Doctor to join the other chorub who's gone "up aloft," and invited to an early interview the following morning.

RESULT.

Facing-both-ways has resumed duties at the counter of his "respected parent"—measuring tape, selling spools of thread, and recommending calico, stiffened with China clay, to fastidious old ladies. Hold-the-world has now plenty of time for indulging his Thespian tastes, as his only occupation at present is the same as that followed by the celebrated Mr. Wilkins Micawber—waiting for something to turn up.

MORAL.

Many morals might be drawn from this story, but as its writer feels some uncertainty as to which is the most useful and important one, he takes the liberty of recommending his readers to consult the learned Doctor of Divinity to whom it is dedicated.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

IT was a positive and proud pleasure to us to be in a position to point out last week that business was bustling and brisk in the Matrimonial Market. Indeed, it is only in the sale of the bodies of the bachelors and widowers, and the sale of the souls of Churchmen that trade is good at the present moment. Sundry lots of captivating individuals are now on offer. A modest gentleman, with little money but much character, trots himself out in this style in the columns of the *Examiner*—

WITHOUT means, and on small salary; of settled Christian principles, fond of culture, reverent; Advertiser would be glad to Correspond with Lady not disdaining Marital Relationship with these conditions; age 22 to 34. Address R 93, at the printers'.

That, ladies, is an exceptionally desirable lot, and will doubtless go dirt cheap. The first fair offer will be accepted. But here is something still better:—

A Christian Gentleman, with £700 per annum income, Desires Correspondence with a Lady possessing ample means, who would like to share most happy home; must be musical, domesticated, and of Evangelical principles; view, Matrimony; strictest confidence assured; send real name, address, and carte.—Address R 78, at the printers'.

Which of our fair readers would not like to share the "most happy home" and tidy income of this Christian gentleman? But, turning from the Manchester to the Metropolitan Matrimonial Market, we find that trade there is equally lively. In the *Daily News* we read as follows:—

MATRIMONY.—An Englishman, aged 40, a widower, without incumbrance, of independent means and good position. WISHES to CORRESPOND with a YOUNG ENGLISH LADY, respectably connected, who would not object to reside in India for three years. Essentials: Superior education, musical ability, prepossessing appearance. Non-essential: Money.—Address (in strict confidence, enclosing carte, which will be returned), Semper Fidelis, care of Post-office, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

A lot like this is not to be met with every day. "Fidelis"—noble-souled gentleman that he is—wants none of your wealthy heiresses. His happy bride may be poor as a Church mouse, only she must be young, English, and prepossessing, not to say charming, in appearance. What a scramble there is after "Fidelis!"

MATERNAL DUPLICITY.

THERE lives a young man not far from the city Who's very much married. Some might say, "What a pity!" He's a nice little wife, and the union's been bless'd By the birth of a babe who's so good!—when at rest.

One Saturday morn he said to his spouse, As to catch the "nine" train he was leaving the house, "My love, I'll return to take dinner with you—Expect me at home as the clock's striking two."

But, business concluded, the fellow began To rue his rash promise, and hit on a plan By which he'd succeed to dine well in town With an old college chum whose name we'll call "Brown."

They went to the Albion, where—it is said— They never charge less than a guinea a-head. Here they gourmandized so that the waistcoats they wore Were reft of their buttons—only then they gave o'er.

His poor wife sat at home, awaiting her mate, Till at last, in despair, her dinner she ate. Soon dreadful forebodings began to arise, And at thought of mishap the tears fill'd her eyes.

At length with delight she heard at the gate 'The man whom she loved, and her joy was so great That she rushed forth to meet him—fell into his arms, And pour'd out the tale of her frightful alarms.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! I thought you were dead." "Tut! fiddle-de-dee!" the cruel man said; "I've been kept in the city by business so great, That it's strange I'm here now, although it's p'rhaps late."

He lit a cigar and sat down by the fire, Then for the sweet baby began to inquire. She said, as she put the child in its pa's lap, "He's sure to be good, for he's just had his — lacteal refreshment from the maternal breast."*

"Will you mind him awhile?" she coaxingly said; "I must go to the village to order some bread—The shop's round the corner—I'll return in a crack—So whilst I'm away don't 'get on the rack.'"

Of course, though unwilling, he dare not refuse, As after his feed he much needed a snooze; But he gave his consent with a very bad grace, For he knew that as nurse he was quite out of place.

Away went his wife, and purchased the bread, Then swift as the hare straight homeward she sped; But on her way back the thought cross'd her brain, "Oh my, what a lark to cut off by the train!"

"And leave my old man in charge of the child—I know when it's cross he's driven half wild; 'Twould punish him well—for he musn't believe That with his vile fibs his poor wife he'll deceive."

Now just at this moment a whistle she heard—"That's the train!" she exclaimed, and as fast as a bird She hurried to catch it, and set off to town, Thus doing her husband uncommonly brown.

At last she returned, but, of course, rather late, And found her fond husband bemoaning his fate; For the baby, deprived of his natural food, Roar'd out for his "mammy" and wouldn't be good.

O'er the scene that took place I must draw down the veil, For I fear, if you saw it, 'twould make you turn pale; But before I conclude, I'll this moral impart—Don't deceive your poor wife, or you may get smart.

[NOTE.—The author, from an overstrained sense of delicacy (which strains at a gnat, and swallows a camel), has here made sad havoc with metre and rhyme in order to avoid making use of an obnoxious word.]

Mr. MACKIE is a curious compound. He owns, or partly owns, a paper in Warrington, and he sought the votes of the people of Perth. When at Warrington he is "neutral in all matters political and religious;" when at Perth he comes out as a full-grown Tory. A man who can accommodate himself to different circumstances with such consummate ease is a man whom we—well, to put it mildly, cannot admire. Perth saw through him. So do we.

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FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON A BRICK.

THIS title which I have chosen will, I have no doubt, flabbergast a good many people. It will be observed that a brick can at best furnish but a dry subject of discourse. What, some one will remark, can anyone have to say about a brick which will be worthy of perusal by the readers of a humorous paper? My dear sir, or madam, there is humour everywhere if you choose to look for it, and it is your province to read, mine to write. The thing which set me thinking about bricks and caused me to write this article was that I had a discussion the other day with a man on the subject of strikes and trade-unionism. I, as a matter of course, stood up for the principle involved in trade unions. I am a Liberal, and would naturally go in for anything which involves liberal ideas. This other man did not approve of trade unions, and brought forward, as a matter of course, that argument of Mr. Carlyle's about the bricks. He told me, and I could not deny his assertion, that the bricks made now-a-days were bad, and not calculated to stand wear and tear. Then he said, "Look at those bricks which were put into the pyramids and other ancient works of art of that sort! They are as good now as those which were made yesterday and utilised in the erection of those flimsy dwellings in the suburbs of Manchester." The argument was by no means new to me, and I must confess that it has caused in me some perplexity of mind. I cannot argue with this man about those bricks. I own that they are wonderfully constructed, but I cannot argue. That man has knocked my argument on the head with those bricks. The people who made them (I am led to suppose by reading) had not a brick to throw at one another. They were not accustomed to bricks, they lived in tents, which as everybody knows are composed of canvas and cordage. What should those old Hebrews know about bricks? Yet they learned to make them—and without straw, too, thereby furnishing arguments for modern disputants on the labour question, and a proverb for latter-day philosophers. Am I not at the present moment employed in the task of making bricks without straw? Now I candidly confess ignorance on this subject of brickmaking. I do not know what the use is of straw in making bricks. I have not the least idea how bricks are made, and if anyone were to find me trying to make bricks, and were to say, "My dear fellow, I see you have no straw; allow me to give you some to help you on," I should be as helpless as an infant. I should not know what to do with that straw. What do brickmakers do with straw? Do they mix it with the bricks? or spread it over the bricks? or under the bricks? or do they wrap the bricks up in it? I know not. Well, you see, these old Hebrews must have been just as ignorant as I am on the subject of bricks. They knew nothing about bricks when they went down into Egypt. I very much doubt whether Benjamin had ever even seen a brick in his life till he went there. Their education, in fact, was neglected. Now I come to the point which I wish to impress upon he reader. When the Egyptians got hold of these few innocent Hebrews, they thought it was a fine thing to have them. They gave themselves airs over all the other nations who hadn't got any Hebrews. But it was a different thing when those Israelites began to multiply. Then the Egyptians began to get frightened about their keep, and to be troubled with other anxieties, and they set all those Hebrews, as soon as they could crawl, to making bricks, and the strangers took to this trade by instinct. There were no trade unions among them, because there were no wages. And even when Moses went on strike and killed an Egyptian (which is the earliest trade outrage on record) there was scarcely any enthusiasm about it. I do not wish to be thought profane in making these allusions, but only to show what a strong argument is furnished by these events against trade unions. There was no nonsense among those Hebrews; they made bricks because they had to make them, and they made good ones—enduring ones—because if they didn't they got trounced by some Egyptian who was a judge of bricks. What more convincing instance of the evil of trade combinations can be found than this? When those Hebrews made those bricks there were no such combinations. Under similar circumstances, I would answer for it, that a number of persons, skilled or not, would construct an everlasting pyramid on the banks of the Irwell. I shall now conclude, merely observing that I could say a deal more on this subject; but I have constructed a solid column of bricks without straw—what more can be required?

The thirty-fourth session of the Scientific Students' Association has been pleasantly and profitably inaugurated, and a most attractive programme issued of lectures, visits to works, and excursions.

A WISE COUNSELLOR.

MR. W. SINGLETON, of Preston, writes a long curious letter to the Earl of Derby and the editor of the *Courier*. This wise man begins by saying:—"I have watched the struggle that has been going on between Russia and Turkey, and I have prayed that Turkey might be successful, because it appears to me to be the most natural thing in the world for a people to defend their hearths and homes when attacked." What this praying person wants England to do is this:—"Surely, my lord, it is time that Great Britain should tell Russia at once that the measure of her aggression and bad faith is full—that the hypocrisy of her professions have been listened to too long, and that England has come to the conclusion to make an effort to stop her, and that in doing so England will use all her power, both by land and sea; and that as Russia has thrown aside the Treaty of 1856 for selfish purposes of aggression, England will throw aside the unratified declaration of Paris, and seize Russian goods on the high seas wherever they may be found, both by vessels of the Royal Navy as well as by the thousands of lawfully-commissioned privateers which English shippers will only be too glad to place at the Queen's disposal. Such a declaration would be received by nine-tenths of the British people with thankfulness and with enthusiasm. Turkey would remember it for ever; the lesser nations would rejoice; and the probability is that Russian aggression would collapse immediately." Mr. Singleton winds up by offering up a fervent prayer that the Government will have the sense to do as he commands.

SOMETHING FROM THE HEN-PECKED CLUB.

[COMMUNICATED BY THE ANTIENT PISTOL.]

WHEN I a bachelor in Birchmore dwelt—
Pedagogue in parish rural—
First person singular I truly felt;
Now I'm second person plural.

When Parson Proser made us one—"Amen!"
We both most fervently did cry;
But now methinks we're equal unto ten—
My wife is one, the cipher I!

When I the budding young ideas teach
To parse on English, I declare
My wicked spouse's awful parts of speech
Would almost make a parson swear!

Like the clang of anvil maulled by hammer,
Still rings her ever angry tongue;
In as many moods as Murray's Grammar
Are day by day her tantrums strung.

Ah! would that sweet content and meal of herbs
Were mine, freed from fist so massive!
But, as it is, we represent two verbs—
She active, I the passive.

The old description of the verb is mine,
That's "to be, to do, and suffer;"
Sure, Fate and Fury could not well combine
To make the road of learning rougher!

All her sentences are interjective—
Ne'er a point of admiration!
Oft she places on this brow reflective
Marks of fierce interrogation.

Moods indicative and moods potential
My darling rings the changes on;
The imperative to her's essential,
And that she too often ranges on.

Glad I am to yield the first position,
Rather than she'd plague and bore me;
An unprepossessing preposition,
Always goes my wife before me.

I loved her once, as in the perfect tense:
Now that tense is past,
And ardently I wish, in every sense,
That in the future she were cast!

THERE are now 62,813 Parliamentary electors in Manchester, and 22,859 in Salford. According to the reports made to the Manchester School Board, the number of children whose names are on the books is 53,652. That seems a large number, but it is far from large enough.

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TORY BLACKGUARDISM.

THERE is no doubt that the Tories all over the country, and in Manchester particularly, are getting thoroughly frightened by the outburst of public opinion with regard to the peace or war question. In Manchester their fright has taken a form which threatens soon to make that increase of the police force, to which Mr. Councillor Goldschmidt some time ago successfully objected, absolutely necessary. We spoke pretty plainly about the organised and rowdy opposition which the Conservative Association sent to the town's meeting the other day, and a still more disgraceful piece of blackguardism on their part has now come to light. We shall give what we believe to be the true history of this transaction, regretting at the same time that we cannot mention the names of the agents in it, not because they are unknown to us, but because we were, of course, not personally cognisant of their tricks, so that our truth might, if these persons' names were given, bring us dangerously near the law of libel. Well, as soon as it was known that a Liberal meeting was to be held in the Free Trade Hall on Wednesday night, it was decided by some men, who ought to feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves, but are too stupid even to have such a feeling, that an attempt on a large scale should be made to defeat the object of that meeting. Accordingly, one of the sneaks who are always hanging around Tory clubs and committee-rooms, ready to do any dirty work for a pint of beer, was set to get tickets for the meeting, which were cheerfully given. Immediately on his return an order was given to a printer to strike off 2,000 tickets like those obtained, the principal portion being marked "area." These forged tickets were then distributed amongst the Tory residuum, which included a good number of the Salford lambs, and the leaders of the precious band were instructed in the duties required of them. In addition to this, it was decided to get up a mock meeting in Albert Square, not for the purpose of discussing the one question, but in order that those who assembled might go *en masse* to the Free Trade Hall, and finish the disturbance which their colleagues were expected to have begun. It so happened that the plan failed. The holders of the forged tickets arrived in large bodies soon after seven o'clock, but, fortunately, the Hall was already three-parts filled with enthusiastic Liberals; and though the rongs managed to make a great noise at intervals, and to get up two or three sham fights amongst themselves, they were not in sufficient force to prevent the speeches being delivered. In the meantime, the Liberals on the platform, having received a hint of what was going on, ordered the doors to be closed, and when the mob came over from Albert Square they found, to their disgust, they could not obtain admittance. It was then proposed by some that the doors should be broken open by hatchets and crowbars, and one or two of the latter implements were actually produced. In the meantime, however, a force of a dozen extra policemen was fetched to the scene, and, with the proverbial cowardice of rongs and bullies, the mob, though outnumbering the police by about five hundred to one, dared not make the suggested attack. They waited outside in the street till the meeting in the Hall dispersed, and though some of the ringleaders wanted their followers to get up a row with the Liberals—we ourselves heard one urging this course—the rank and file thought better of it when they saw how many Liberals there were, and in a short time shrunk off to their virtuous homes, no doubt with the proud satisfaction of having done their duty to their party and to the "Constitutional" cause. We commend this narrative—which we believe to be thoroughly reliable—to the notice of Mr. W. H. Houldsworth. If he takes the trouble to satisfy himself of its truth, which he can easily do, and then still decides to remain the candidate of a party which is guilty of such practices as these, then he is a very different man from what we believe him to be.

CLOSING TIME!

NOW then, just turn out there, my man,
 'Tis closing time, I say;
 You must go now, although you can
 Return another day.
 What! yet you want another gill?
 My eye! you are a sot!
 I rather think you've had your fill
 With what you now have got.
 'Tis no use talking; you must go,
 The clock has struck eleven;
 Now, what's the use of drivelling so?
 You've been sat here since seven.
 And I should think in four good hours
 You could get drunk enough;
 What! Rains? Does it? Well, if it pours,
 You'll here have no more stuff.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

EVERYBODY is praising Lord Carnarvon for having had the manliness to resign his seat in the Cabinet and give up his five thousand pounds a year rather than run the nation into war at Beaconsfield's bidding. When we say "everybody," of course we exclude the *Courier*. That journal, as all know, has a way of its own. According to our Conservative contemporary, Lord Carnarvon's resignation "simply proved his own constitutional inability to render effective aid to any political party with which either choice or chance should lead him to identify himself." Till within a few days ago, the *Courier* never wearied singing the praises of the Colonial Secretary; but now, when he does one of the grandest acts that man can do, and when everybody else applauds the course he takes, the *Courier* turns round and bullies him.

So the Queen, according to the *Times*, has been very anxious that the Earl of Beaconsfield should accept the vacant Garter, and no doubt is a little vexed at his refusal of the proffered honour. The *Jackdaw*, with becoming respect, thinks that this shows Dizzy to have acted a little more prudently than his Royal Mistress on this occasion. It seems to the *Jackdaw* that if he were a monarch in a comfortable way of business he would not go out of his way to do anything that might possibly offend his *clientèle* and possibly endanger his credit. Let the real motive be what it may, there is no doubt that this constant and ostentatious honouring of the man whom the bulk of the people thoroughly dislike and distrust wears a very ugly look, especially when we recollect that Mr. Gladstone, even at the moment of his greatest popular triumph, never received a single mark of Her Majesty's approbation—though he certainly did not happen to want it. At any rate, these presents of portraits set in diamonds, these State visits to Hughenden, these offers of the Garter and so on are, to say the least, a little singular, especially at this time, for of course Her Majesty must be aware that, whatever may be her own view of the Premier's policy, that policy is strongly condemned by those who in times past have been her own advisers, and she must also be aware that her gracious acts to Lord Beaconsfield are interpreted as so many emphatic marks of her acquiescence in the line he is pursuing. Even Dizzy himself appears to have seen that the offer was not just now a very judicious one, or he would not have been likely to refuse it.

"If you want to make us happy," says the editor of the *New York Methodist*, "renew your subscription at once, and send along a new subscriber with your renewal." This is the way to make English editors happy also, and well would it be for the world were all editors happy with this happiness.

THE Church Defence Association always reminds the *Jackdaw* of the negroes, described by African travellers, who kick up a horrid din with their tom-toms when an enemy is approaching, both for the purpose of trying to frighten him and of keeping up their own courage. The Association, following its usual tactics, sent a sufficient number of rowdies, who are always on the side of the Church, to the Liberation meeting, in the Free Trade Hall, on Tuesday, to station themselves at different parts of the Hall, and at opportune moments to create a disturbance. They were more than ordinarily successful on this occasion, for no less than three free fights, and a number of smaller squabbles, interrupted the general harmony of the proceedings. The *Jackdaw* is afraid that Mr. Henry Lee, the chairman, was not firm enough. He ought not to have treated the offenders leniently, for no one knows better than he does that they are in the pay of the Church Defence Association. An order like that which Mr. Hugh Mason gave on a similar occasion three or four years ago, to "chuck them over" the gallery, would have had far more effect than any number of expostulations. As it was, however, the rowdies fared badly, and it will cost many of them more than the half-crown they were paid to repair the damage they received; one, at least, who had his coat torn to pieces, a blow on the nose which drew claret, and a clip on the head with an inspector's stick, has been heard to say that he will never engage for the Association again under a sovereign, at least.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 21, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

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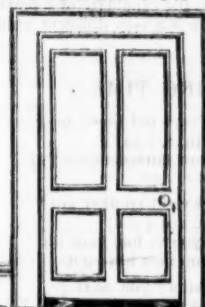
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